

## THE REGISTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ALLISON &amp; PERKINS, PUBLISHERS.

IOLA, ALLEN COUNTY, KANSAS.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF COUNTY.

## THE IOLA REGISTER.

VOLUME IX.

IOLA, ALLEN COUNTY, KANSAS, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.

NO. 37.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 W.	2 W.	3 W.	4 W.	5 W.	6 W.	7 W.	8 W.	9 W.	10 W.	1 M.	3 M.	6 M.	1 Y.
1 inch	50	1 00	1 50	2 00	2 50	3 00	3 50	4 00	4 50	5 00	10 00	25 00	50 00	100 00
2 inch	1 00	2 00	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	7 00	8 00	9 00	10 00	20 00	50 00	100 00	200 00
3 inch	1 50	3 00	4 50	6 00	7 50	9 00	10 50	12 00	13 50	15 00	30 00	75 00	150 00	300 00
4 inch	2 00	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	14 00	16 00	18 00	20 00	40 00	100 00	200 00	400 00
5 inch	2 50	5 00	7 50	10 00	12 50	15 00	17 50	20 00	22 50	25 00	50 00	125 00	250 00	500 00
6 inch	3 00	6 00	9 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	21 00	24 00	27 00	30 00	60 00	150 00	300 00	600 00
7 inch	3 50	7 00	10 50	14 00	17 50	21 00	24 50	28 00	31 50	35 00	70 00	175 00	350 00	700 00
8 inch	4 00	8 00	12 00	16 00	20 00	24 00	28 00	32 00	36 00	40 00	80 00	200 00	400 00	800 00
9 inch	4 50	9 00	13 50	18 00	22 50	27 00	31 50	36 00	40 50	45 00	90 00	225 00	450 00	900 00
10 inch	5 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	35 00	40 00	45 00	50 00	100 00	250 00	500 00	1000 00

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All letters in relation to this paper in any way connected with the office should be addressed to the Publishers and Proprietors.

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Vice-President.....Henry Wilson  
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Secretary of the Treasury.....William W. Belknap  
Secretary of War.....William W. Belknap  
Secretary of the Navy.....Gideon Welles  
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Clerk of the House.....George C. Gorham  
Clerk of the Senate.....Edward McPherson

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County Clerk.....H. W. Talbot  
County Auditor.....H. W. Talbot  
County Engineer.....H. W. Talbot  
County Surveyor.....H. W. Talbot  
County Assessor.....H. W. Talbot  
County Jailor.....H. W. Talbot  
County Jailor.....H. W. Talbot  
County Jailor.....H. W. Talbot

## CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor.....W. C. Jones  
Police Judge.....J. R. Boyd  
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City Auditor.....H. W. Talbot  
City Engineer.....H. W. Talbot  
City Surveyor.....H. W. Talbot  
City Assessor.....H. W. Talbot  
City Jailor.....H. W. Talbot  
City Jailor.....H. W. Talbot  
City Jailor.....H. W. Talbot

## CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL  
Corner of Jefferson and Western streets.  
Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.  
Prayer meeting Thursday evenings at 7 p. m.  
H. R. Mitty, Pastor.

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On Sycamore street. Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.  
Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 p. m.  
Saturday before the first Sabbath in each month.  
Sabbath school at 9 a. m. o'clock a. m.  
C. M. F. Jones, Pastor.

## Secret Societies.

IOLA LODGE, NO. 38.  
A. F. & A. M. Meets on the first and third Saturdays in every month.  
Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. H. W. TALBOT, W. M.  
J. N. WHITE, Sec'y.

## IOLA LODGE, NO. 21.

I. O. O. F. Meets on the first and third Saturdays in every month.  
Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. H. W. TALBOT, W. M.  
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## Hotels.

LELAND HOUSE.  
B. D. ALLEN, Proprietor. IOLA, KANSAS.  
This house has been thoroughly renovated and refitted and is now the most desirable place in the city for travelers to stop. No pains will be spared to make the guests of the Leland feel at home. Baggage transferred to and from Depot free of charge.

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RICHARD PROCTOR, Proprietor. Iola, Kansas. Single meals 25 cents. Day board one dollar per day.

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NELSON F. ACERS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Iola, Allen County, Kansas. Has the only full and complete set of Abstracts of Allen County.

## FRANK W. BARTLETT.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Iola, Kansas. Money to loan on long time and at low rates on well improved farms in Allen County.

## MURRAY &amp; RICHARDS.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Money in sums from \$500 to \$5,000 on hand on long time upon improved farms in Allen, Anderson, Woodson, and Neosho counties.

## Physicians.

M. DEMOSS, M. D.,  
OFFICE over Jno. Francis & Co.'s Drug Store. Residence on Washington street, 2nd door south Neosho street.

## A. J. FULTON, M. D.

L. C. P. S. Ont. Canada, graduate Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, member of the Alumni Association Jefferson College, Jefferson Surgeon and Accoucher. Office and residence over Beck's grain and feed store, Iola, Kas.

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GENERAL AUCTIONEER, Iola, Kansas. Cries sales in Allen and adjoining counties.

## H. A. NEEDHAM,

COUNTY CLERK. Conveyances carefully done, and acknowledgments taken. Maps and plans neatly drawn.

## J. N. WHITE,

UNDERTAKER, Madison, Iowa, Kan. Wood coffins constantly on hand and hearses always in readiness. Metallic Burial Cases furnished on short notice.

## H. REIMERT,

TAILOR, Iola, Kansas. Scott Brother's old stand. Clothing made to order in the latest and best styles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cleaning and repairing done on short notice.

## J. E. THORP,

BARBER SHOP on Washington avenue first door south of L. L. Thorp's. Hair cut, shave and beard trimmed. A fine assortment of razors and safety razors for sale cheap.

## D. F. GIVENS,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELER, and CLOCK REPAIRER, at the postoffice, Iola, Kansas. Watches and jewelry promptly and neatly repaired and warranted. A fine assortment of clocks, jewelry, gold pens and silver articles, which will be sold cheap.

## STATE OF KANSAS,

ALLEN COUNTY.  
W. C. Jones Plaintiff,  
vs.  
Joshua Houghton Defendant.

Before H. H. Palmer, J. P., of Iola Township in said County.

The above named Joshua Houghton will take notice that on the 20th day of August, 1875, he sued before the above named J. P., against him said Joshua Houghton an order of attachment for the sum of \$15.00, and that said order is for hearing September 17th, 1875, at 11 o'clock a. m.

## AN INFLATED COCKTAIL.

Mr. Kelley's Lesson in Finance from a Barkeeper.

[From the New York World.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 15.—Mr. Kelley, whom Mr. Morton does not scruple to call "a gushing, sloppy tourist," is out here endeavoring to bring the people of the Northwest to a realizing sense of the necessity for an issue of more currency. Rather an amusing and interesting occurrence transpired during his visit which has not found its way into the local press, but that the *World* may deem worthy of publication. On the morning after his great inflation speech Mr. Kelley felt thirsty, and walking down into the bar of the Tremont house he had the attendant barkeeper mix him a whisky cocktail. While the barkeeper was compounding the liquor, syrup, bitters, ice and water in due proportion, he remarked, "You're Senator Kelley, ain't you?" "I am; but don't be afraid, young man, don't be afraid," affably replied the great statesman. "I thought you was," said the artist in liquor; "I heard you make a bully speech last night up to McCormick's Hall. Was that all true you told us about them bonds and more greenbacks, and that other shenanigan, eh?" "True?" said the apostle of inflation; "of course it was true. I am a man of principle, young man, a man of strict principle."

"Keerect," replied the barkeeper, as he poured the completed cocktail in an amber arch into the glass and filled a tumbler with water.

Mr. Kelley tasted the beverage. "See here, Johnny," he said, "that cocktail doesn't rise and take me by the throat as much as it should; I want it to be all to me the name implies. Just make it stronger and give it to me in a bigger glass, will you?"

The barkeeper promptly transferred the contents into a water tumbler and added about twice the quantity of water. Mr. Kelley observed somewhat testily; "Hello! hello! What are you doing, eh? I want a bigger drink, more of a cocktail, you know."

The barkeeper smiled apologetically, and, begging Mr. Kelley's pardon, emptied the diluted cocktail into a water tumbler glass, which he brimmed with water. There was an ocean of fluid faintly tinged with a pinkish amber, on the surface of which floated a shred of lemon-peel. The barkeeper pushed the glass over to his customer, and, affably resting both hands on the counter, asked him how that suited him.

Mr. Kelley first rubbed his eyes and then pinched himself, to be sure that he was himself and awake; then lowered his spectacles, and inspected the barkeeper, narrowly. "Young man," he said at last, in his most solemn tones, "do you call that a cocktail?"

"Do I call that a cocktail?" he replied, pityingly; "what'n blazes do you call it? That's the best cocktail the world ever saw. There's whisky in it, there's rum in it, there's Angostura bitters in it, there's lemon peel in it, there's water in it, there's ice in it, and don't they make a cocktail? Besides, it's called a cocktail, just as a dollar is called a dollar, and don't that make it a cocktail? You can do anything with that cocktail that you could do with any other cocktail; you can drink it, you can pay for it; don't that make it as good as any other cocktail? What do you take me for? Haven't I read your speeches?"

"But," gasped Mr. Kelley, growing very red in the face, "there's too much water in it."

"Too much water!" rejoined the barkeeper. "Why, you must have so much water in a cocktail, anyhow, mustn't you? You get your whisky like what you financial sharp call a reserve, and then you issue your cocktail on that basis. You see, you have an elastic cocktail—a cocktail that adapts itself to the wants of a customer. If he wants a strong drink he don't want much water; if he wants a long drink I'll inflate his cocktail till its volume equals his necessities. I tell you I've studied up this here financial problem."

"But, but," stammered Mr. Kelley, "there isn't a drop more whisky all the while, and every drop of water you add weakens and spoils it."

"You see I want to return to a whisky basis, but I wish to do so without injury to the business interests of the country. Now, if you will wait till the water evaporates and leaves the whisky—"

Here Mr. Kelly smote the counter with his cane. "Look here," he shouted, "in spite of your expanding the volume of that drink, and humbugging me with idiotic inconvertible cocktails, and talking about returning to a whisky basis without deranging my interests, don't you see you bowling ass, that that's the same weak, thin, diluted, mawkish, tasteless abominable slush, all the time? I want an immediate return to whisky resumption and no steps backward."

"Keerect, Judge," replied the barkeeper as he threw the inflated cocktail into the sink, "we'll repudiate this, as they always do." And he mixed another cocktail on a whisky basis. "But," he said, "I pose you hadn't had another 15 cents, or that all the whisky in the house had been in that cocktail, where'd you have been, eh?"

Mr. Kelley smiled, and invited the barkeeper to join him. The latter complied and took a little gin, syrup and bitters. Mr. Kelley drank of his cocktail, paid for the drinks and taking a clove was about to depart, when an after thought seemed to occur to him. He turned back and said:

"See here, Johnny, you're a smart young fellow, and I've enjoyed your conversation very much; but then you see the financial problem is a thing that people can't exactly understand in all its ramifications without a special education—a training, you know. Of course it affects all people, but all people can't understand it; it isn't to their interest that they should. If everybody knew all about it there'd be no Kelleys and Logans and Inter-Oceans and Enquirers. It's like cocktails, you know. Every man drinks them, but every man can't mix them. If they could there'd be no barkeepers. Understand? And Johnny, perhaps you'd better not say anything about this little conversation of ours to anybody. You see, perhaps, it would hurt the business of the house, and the proprietors don't like to have politics discussed. Good-bye."

"So long," remarked the barkeeper, and, as the Judge's form vanished up the stairway, he closed one eye respectfully, and took three jig-steps with an expression of the deepest reverence.

## Did He Succeed?

Somewhat less than forty years ago there moved among the students of Yale College a young man, poorly dressed, but princely in bearing and in mind. He was bred in the country, among humble surroundings, but he was a gentleman from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and in every fibre of his body and mind. Slender, tall, handsome, with an intellectual brow, a fine voice and a Christian spirit, he had every possession of nature and culture necessary to win admiration, respect and affection. This man was poor; so, before his educational course was completed, he was obliged to leave college and resort to teaching for a livelihood; but, wherever he moved, he won the strongest personal friends. Men named his boys after him. Women regarded him as a model man, and the name of Stillman A. Clemens stood in high honor in all the little communities in which it was known.

He was particularly fond of mechanics and mathematics—a born inventor, with more than the ordinary culture of the American inventor. He had an exquisite literary faculty, rare wit, a fine appreciation of humor, and good conversational powers. Indeed, he seemed to be furnished with all desirable powers and accomplishments except those which were necessary to enable him to "get on the in the world." He was born poor, and, the other day, after a life of dreams and disappointments, he died poor. The brown head and beard had grown grey, the spare figure was bowed, and the end of his life was accompanied by circumstances of torture which need not be detailed here. The life which, for thirty years, had been an unbroken struggle with adversity, went out and the weary worker was at rest.

The inventor's dreams were always large. They had had "millions in them." First, in an arrangement of centrifugal force for the development of motive power; then in a machine or process for detaching the manilla fibre; then in a cotton press of unique construction, for compressing cotton so completely at the gin, that it would need no further treatment for shipping; then in a fax-dressing machine; and last, in a railway which was to displace forever the present railway system, and solve the problem of cheap transportation. In the cotton-pressing machine he made an incidental invention, to which he attached no special importance, out of which others have since made the fortune which during all his life, was denied him. He strewed his way along with ideas of immense value to all around him. It is not a year since he read his paper before an association of engineers at Chicago, exposing in detail his roll-way invention—and it is said that on the morning of his death he was called upon by a capitalist, with reference to subjecting this

invention to a practical test. It was a magnificent project, and we hope it may be tried, though he in whose fertile brain it originated is beyond the satisfaction of success and the shame of failure.

Well, did our friend succeed, or did he fail? There were men around him who became rich. There were some did men in the large community in which his later years were spent whose money flowed in upon them by millions. There were brokers and speculators, and merchants and hotel proprietors, and manufacturers, who won more wealth than they knew how to use, while he was toiling for the beggarly pittance that gave him bread, or floundering in the new disappointments with which each year was freighted. They "succeeded," as the world would say, but let us see what this man did. He used every faculty he possessed for forward-looking the world's great interest. He put all his vitality, all his ingenuity, all his knowledge into his country's service. The outcome is not yet, but the outcome is just as sure as the sprouting of a sound seed in good soil. The wealth he did not win will go into the coffers of others. He never sacrificed his manhood. He kept himself spotless. He did not repent or whine. The man who saw him in his last years found him still the courteous Christian gentleman, bearing his trials with patience, trusting in the infinite goodness, accepting his discipline with more than equanimity, and still hopeful and persistent. He maintained his courage and self-respect. He won and kept his personal friends. He went to his grave with clean hands, and his soul ready for the welcome exchange of worlds. He left behind the memory of a character which money cannot build and cannot buy. It was an honor to be affectionately associated with him. It is a high honor to be called upon to record the lesson of his life, and a high duty to commend it.

Did he succeed? Yes, he did; and the community in which rest his precious remains could do itself no higher honor than to erect over them a stone bearing the inscription: "Here lies Stillman A. Clemens, who died poor in this world's goods and poor in spirit, but rich in faith, rich in mind and heart, rich in character and all the graces of a Christian gentleman, and rich in the affections of all who knew him and were worthy of his acquaintance."

That he wanted wealth to bestow upon those whom he loved we do not doubt. That he wanted it to prove that his dreams were not baseless, is true, we presume. That he dreamed of it among his other dreams would be very natural. The dream has come true.

"That dream be carried in a hopeful spirit, Until in death his patient eye grew dim, And the Redeemer called him to inherit The haven of wealth long garnered up for him."

"If There are Angels, I Knew That Tom Will See 'Em."

[From the Detroit Free Press.]  
Plain Tom, once when he was a babe, and had a father and mother, some one to care for him even if they had but little love for him. After they died—after he was turned out on the wide world to fight his own way; to hunger for food, to yearn for sympathy and kind words, his name was "Tom." It was name enough for a waif, a ragged, hungry boy, who received more kicks than pennies, and who used to sit on the postoffice steps and try to remember when any one had spoken a kind word to him.

The boy sometimes wondered and pondered over the words "sympathy," "mercy," and "charity." He heard people use them—the same people who cuffed him about and were content to see him in rags. He thought the words must mean something way off—something he could not grasp then, but might approach when he had grown to man's estate. If Tom's voice had sadness and sorrow in it as he cried "shine!" or if it had exultation as he cried "morning papers!" no one in the busy throng seemed to notice or care. He realized that he was standing up singlehanded to battle against a great world, and sometimes when the world struck him down, the boy crept away into an alley to sorrow and grieve that he had ever been born.

They found a bundle of rags in a public hall-way yesterday morning. The old janitor pushed at the bundle with his broom, and growled and muttered over its being left there by some vagrant. The bundle of rags was Tom. The janitor bent over him and pushed at him again, and called to him to rise up and go about his business, but the bundle did not move. Tom was dead. One arm was thrown around his boot-box that it might not be stolen while he slumbered, the other rested on his breast—fingers tightly clenched, as if death had come while the boy was resolving to carry on the unequal battle against poverty and a cold world to the bitter end.

There should have been sadness in the hearts of those who lifted up the body and sent it away to be buried in the Potter's field, but there was not. They were men, to be sure, but they could not understand how it made any difference to the world whether it had one waif more or less. They couldn't feel the

heartaches which Tom had felt—his despair—his grim despair, his bitter, crushing, everyday sorrow. They could have at least uncovered their heads as the body was lifted up, and said to each other: "He was brave to fight such a battle." But they did not. There would have been no word, no eulogy, had not another waif passed the door by chance. He saw the body, recognized it, and as he let his box fall to the flags that he might brush a tear from his eye, he whispered:

"If there are angels I know that Tom will see 'em."

And no man shall dare to take from or add to the simple, fearful eulogy. There will be a shallow grave which will soon sink out of sight and memory, and scarce a month will pass away before even the lad's name will be forgotten by the world—the world which prides itself on its charity and mercy, and which let the poor Tom stand up alone in his battle for food and raiment and a place to rest his feet, let him creep on to die alone in the shadows of midnight, feeling in his young heart that every man's hand was against him because he was a waif, a ragged, hungry orphan.

## The Dismissal of McClellan.

[From the Count de Paris' new volume.]

On the 7th of November, at evening, in a storm of snow early for that climate, McClellan found himself under his tent with Gen. Burnside, when a messenger was announced from the President. It was Gen. Buckingham, an officer unknown to the Army of the Potomac, who brought an order couched in three lines, and signed by Halleck. This order dismissed McClellan from the command of the Army and designated Burnside as his successor. Such a piece of news fell with the suddenness of a thunderbolt on these two officers, whom an old and close friendship united; but the latter alone showed any emotion at the order, which imposed on him a responsibility to which he had never aspired. After McClellan had read the dispatch without any visible feeling, he passed it to Burnside, simply saying, "You command the army." Burnside resisted for some time. All his friends and his former chief pressed him to accept; they overcame his scruples which the future was unhappily destined to justify. On the morning of the 8th the Army of the Potomac learned with astonishment and grief that it had lost the chief who had formed it, who had first led it to battle, and who had shown it the steeples of Richmond, who on the morrow of a great disaster had restored it to confidence in itself, and who at length had just conducted it to victory. We will not here judge the military career of Gen. McClellan. Despite our sincerity, the reader would see in such an appreciation the reflection of our sentiments of profound gratitude and of faithful friendship for our former chief; but each can form his judgment in accordance with the facts which we have impartially recounted. We only state that the authorities at Washington took every kind of precaution to prevent the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac from giving to McClellan proofs of their sympathy, which would have been too severe a criticism of their decision, and that the news of his departure caused universal joy among the adversaries whom he had so often encountered on fields of battle.

## How She Won an Emperor.

A correspondent thus relates the romantic way in which the Empress of Austria captured her Emperor: The Empress is the youngest daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, and sister of the ex-Queen Sophia of Naples. Francis Joseph was to have been affianced to the Princess Sophia, to make acquaintance with whom he went to make a visit to his uncle's castle of Possenhofen, where his four young lady cousins had been born and brought up. The Princess Elizabeth, then in her sixteenth year and remarkably beautiful, was not to have been allowed to see the young Emperor, both because on account of her youth—she was not supposed to be "out"—and also because, being much handsomer than her sisters, the wily Duke desired to secure his Imperial nephew for his eldest daughter before the former should have been allowed to catch sight of his youngest, as he felt very sure that the hand of such a beauty as she promised to be would be sought far and wide when it should be in the matrimonial market. So the young lady was told that she was to stay with her governess, and not to presume to show herself in the drawing-room during the visit of the Austrian cousin. But being lively, spirited and brimful of curiosity to see the youthful Emperor who had so suddenly succeeded to the troubled but brilliant crown of Austria, the Princess Elizabeth contrived to give her attendant the slip, and to hide herself in a corridor, along which the Imperial guest who had arrived an hour before, and was then dressing for dinner in the rooms set apart for his reception, would have to pass in going to the banquetting hall. As the young sovereign passed along this corridor the Princess who was watching for him, sprang out of her hiding-place, laughing at the success of her manoeuvre, and crying gaily, "Cousin Franz! Cousin Franz! I wanted to see

you and they wouldn't let me, so I hid myself here to see you go by." It appears that cupid's bow, so innocently shot off by the merry girl, who had no thought beyond the gratification of her curiosity to see the grand young cousin, whose quality as Emperor had excited her imagination, went straight to the mark. The young Emperor fell over head and ears in love with the gay and beautiful vision that had presented itself so unaffectedly before him. What passed between the two young people has never transpired; but a few minutes later the Imperial guest entered the drawing-room with his young cousin on his arm, and presented her to the amazed circle of relatives and courtiers who were awaiting his appearance as "the Empress of Austria, my engaged wife." The anger of the elder sisters is said to have been quite lively, as was, quite natural under the circumstances, the young Princess' indignation that day in the banquetting hall, seated beside the "Cousin Franz" so suddenly metamorphosed into her "Imperial spouse;" and the Duke, though vexed for the disappointment of his eldest daughter, had at least the satisfaction of this splendid match secured for his youngest. The marriage took place when the Princess had reached the mature age of sixteen, and all her husband's subjects were enchanted with her youthful beauty and her remarkable grace and kindness.

## A Menagerie of Drunkards.

The most foolish predicament a man can get into is to get drunk. In drunkenness a man shows his strongest side and most ardent passions. There are six kinds of drunkards, and if you go into a city drinking-house, where a number of men are under the influence of liquor, you will be sure to find these six different characters, representing six different animals.

The first is the ape drunk; he leaps, and sings, and yells, and dances, making all sorts of grimaces, and cutting up all sorts of "monkey shins," to win the applause of the boys. He's a stunner, but a drunken clown is very ally.

Next we have the tiger drunk. He breaks the bottles, chairs, etc., and is full of blood and thunder. His eyes are red as fire, and his heart is full of vengeance. After breaking everything within his reach he often winds up with a broken neck. Of this sort are those who abuse their families.

The third is the hog drunk. He rolls in the dirt on the floor and "wollers in the mud" in the gutters. He is heavy, lumpy and soggy, and grunts his acquiescent reply when asked to take a drink. He never misses a drink or pays a cent.

Fourthly, we have the puppy drunk. He will weep for kindness and whine his love; hug you in his arms (and pick your pockets if he has half a chance) and proclaim how much he loves you. He wears "you're the best fellow in the world." "Don't you forget it."

The fifth is the owl drunk. He is wise in his own conceit. No man must differ from him, for he "will get a head put on him." Generally speaking, when fined by the recorder, an oily tongue generally pleads in a begging off style, and he sneaks off like a whipped spaniel.

The sixth and last of the show is the fox drunk. He is a crafty sort of a cuss, ready for any sort of a trade, in which he is certain to come out best. He is sly as a fox, sneaking as a wolf, and, in fact, the meanest drunkard of them all. Almost any night in the week some one of the collection may be seen at the station house.—Houston Telegraph.

## Harvesting Peanuts.

Seed dug after a heavy frost is not reliable. If dug before frost the vines make excellent fodder for cattle and horses, but the nuts are better filled and heavier if dug a few days after frost. To dig the nuts, use a one-horse "Dixie plow," with peanut blade attached. We run plow deep enough under the plant, so as not to cut off the nuts—say five inches deep, using two horses to plow and run one on each side of the row. We let a hand follow, lifting the vines and shaking the dirt off. Each hand can shake two rows. We throw the vines into heaps as we shake them, placing them carefully one on top of the other for convenience in shocking. Six rows will make a shock row. In the shock row we drive stakes, seven feet long, sharpened at both ends, and put the stakes down firmly, laying a fence rail on each side of the stakes. A stick of cord wood will make three blocks for the rails to rest on. A twelve-foot rail, or pole, is long enough for four shocks. Shocks should not touch each other. We let the hand that shakes them, shake the vine again as he puts them up, round and round the stick as high as he can reach, settling them well down, and putting on a cap of straw or hay (his best). As much as possible the nuts should go next to the stick, and the vines should be so put on the shock as to shield the nut from sun, and rain. In about four weeks after digging, the nuts will be cured enough for hand-picking.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

A Canadian girl loved a big booby so hard that she wrote him eight letters a day, and now she has to sue him for breach of promise.

## What a man who was With Sherman Remarked.&lt;/